TALES CONTRIVED TO FLIP! YOU OUT OF YOUR

SKULL COMICS

AN EXORPSYCHIC EC COMIC

50¢

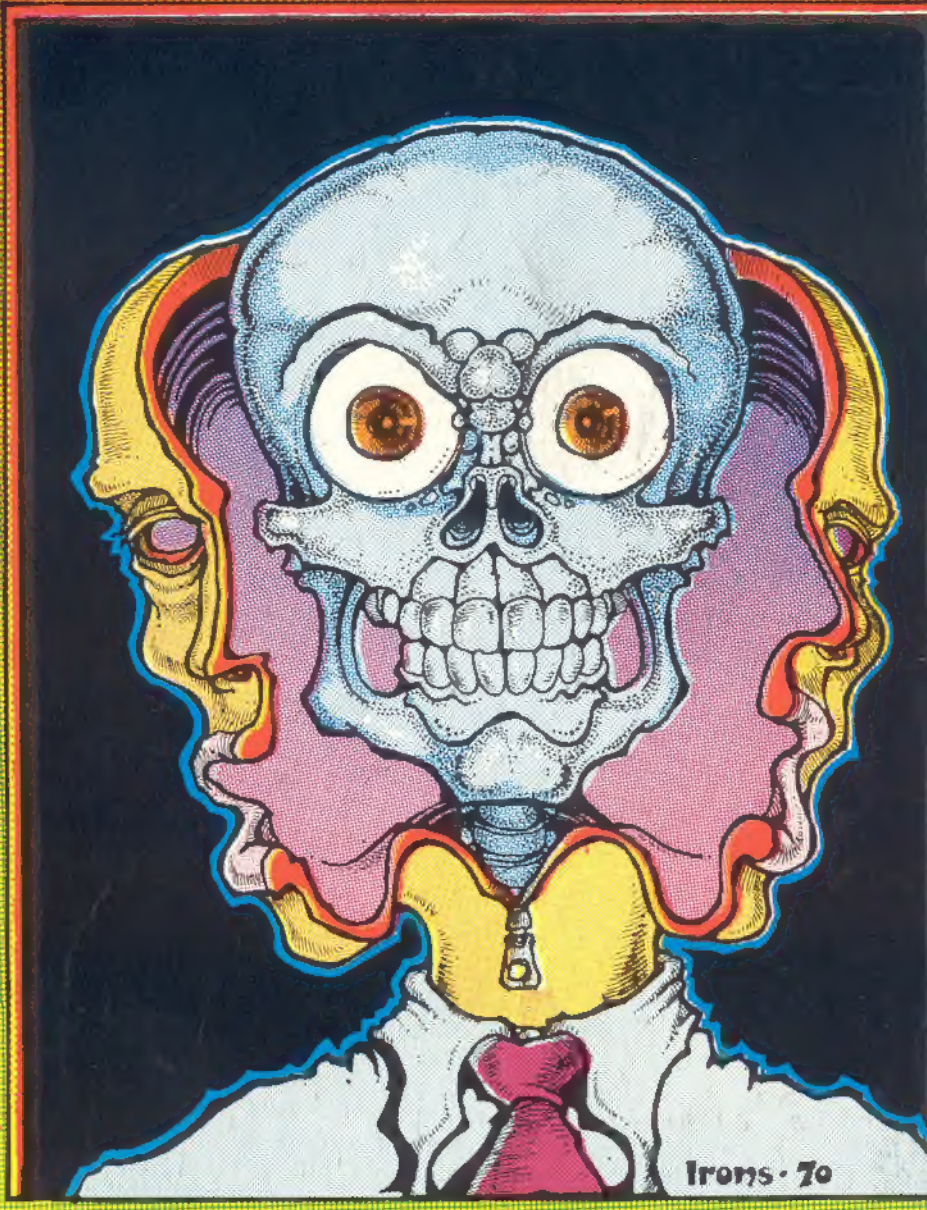
100% HORRID! No 1

CHICKEN ITZA

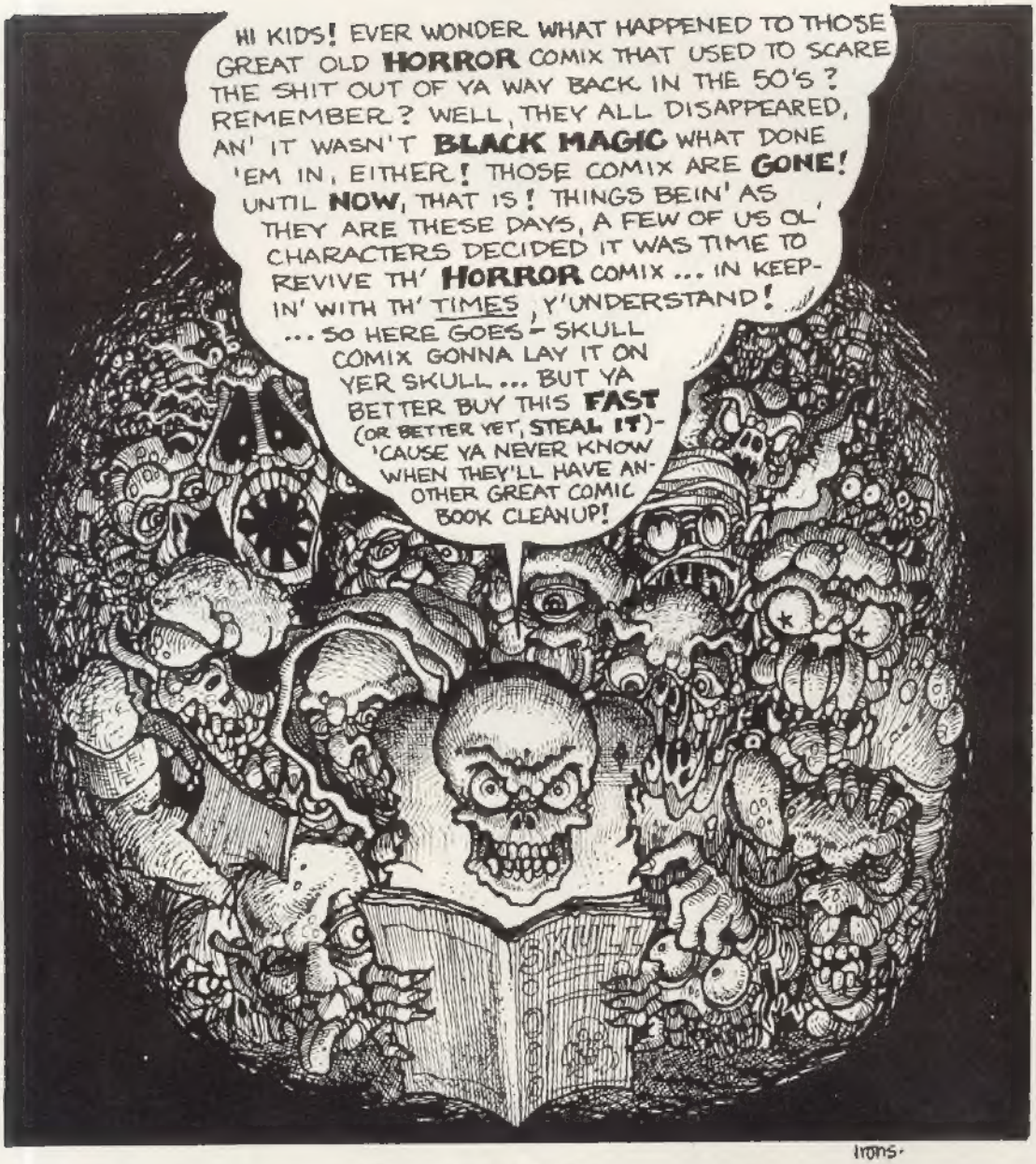
THE WINO PERVERT

THE BOGEYMAN

THE BRIGHTON AXE-MURDERER



ADULTS ONLY, KIDS!



Irons

SKULL #1

CONCEIVED BY GARY ARLINGTON

© 1970 BY IRONS, SHERIDAN, JAXON, SCHRIER, AND HAYES. PRODUCED BY SAN FRANCISCO COMIC BOOK COMPANY IN CONJUNCTION WITH RIP OFF PRESS.

PRINTED AND DISTRIBUTED BY RIP OFF PRESS, BOX 14158, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, 94114, U.S. OF A.

REPRODUCTION WITHOUT CONSENT OUB/OR PAY-OFF IS FORBIDDEN, ETC.

TITLE © SAN FRANCISCO COMIC BOOK COMPANY 3339 23RD ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CA. 94110

GREETINGS DEAR READER-

I SEE THAT THE PRESSURES OF REAL LIFE HAVE CAUSED YOU TO SEEK ESCAPE IN THE WORLD OF FINE LITERATURE! WELL, YOU'VE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE, I'M GLAD TO SAY! THAT'S WHAT WE'RE HERE FOR - TO TAKE YOU AWAY FROM IT ALL - FROM THE TORTURES OF T.V., NEWSPAPERS — THE WOEFUL WORLD IN GENERAL, WHICH I DARESAY EVEN I FIND A BIT GRIM! INSTEAD, WE'D LIKE TO ENTERTAIN YOU WITH A GLIMPSE OF OUR OWN LITTLE CHAMBER OF HORRORS! ... PALE IN COMPARISON WITH THE ONE IN WHICH YOU'RE FORCED TO LIVE, PERHAPS, BUT WE HOPE YOU'LL FIND IT AMUSING. .... AH! BUT OF COURSE! I'VE FAILED TO INTRODUCE MYSELF! WHAT'S THAT? I LOOK FAMILIAR YOU SAY? AH YES... WELL, PERHAPS YOU'VE SEEN ME IN A DREAM! BUT NEVER MIND THAT... FOR THE TIME BEING, JUST CALL ME... THE **SKULL!** - AND NOW FOR THE FIRST OF OUR STORIES; ONE WHICH I CONJURED UP ESPECIALLY FOR ALL OF YOU HEADS! I CALL IT...

HEAD BEFORE TAIL!

SURE WISH SOMETHIN' WOULD HAPPEN AROUND HERE ... BUT NO! ALWAYS THE SAME OL' SHIT!

TRIBE
GECHAH TRIBE!

TRIBE!
BERKELEY
TR.. OOPS!
TRIBE

... HERE! HAVE ONE ON ME! HER...
...OH WOW THANKS
...CREEP!
GEORGE

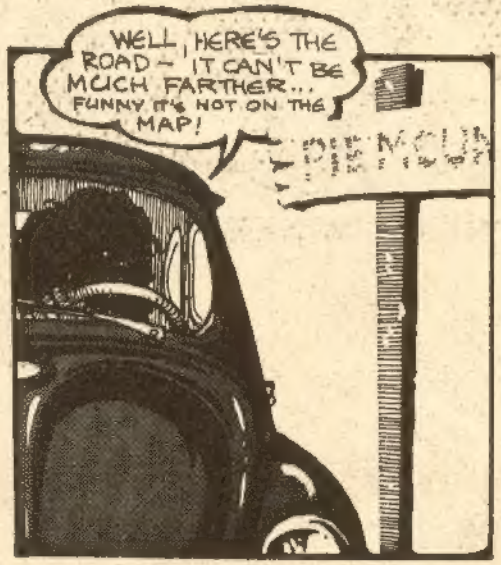
:SIGH: ... SAME OL' SHIT! MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHIN' GOOD IN THE CLASSIFIED ADS..
DWIGHT
TELEGRAM
GEORGE
POOP!
WOW!
FAR OUT!

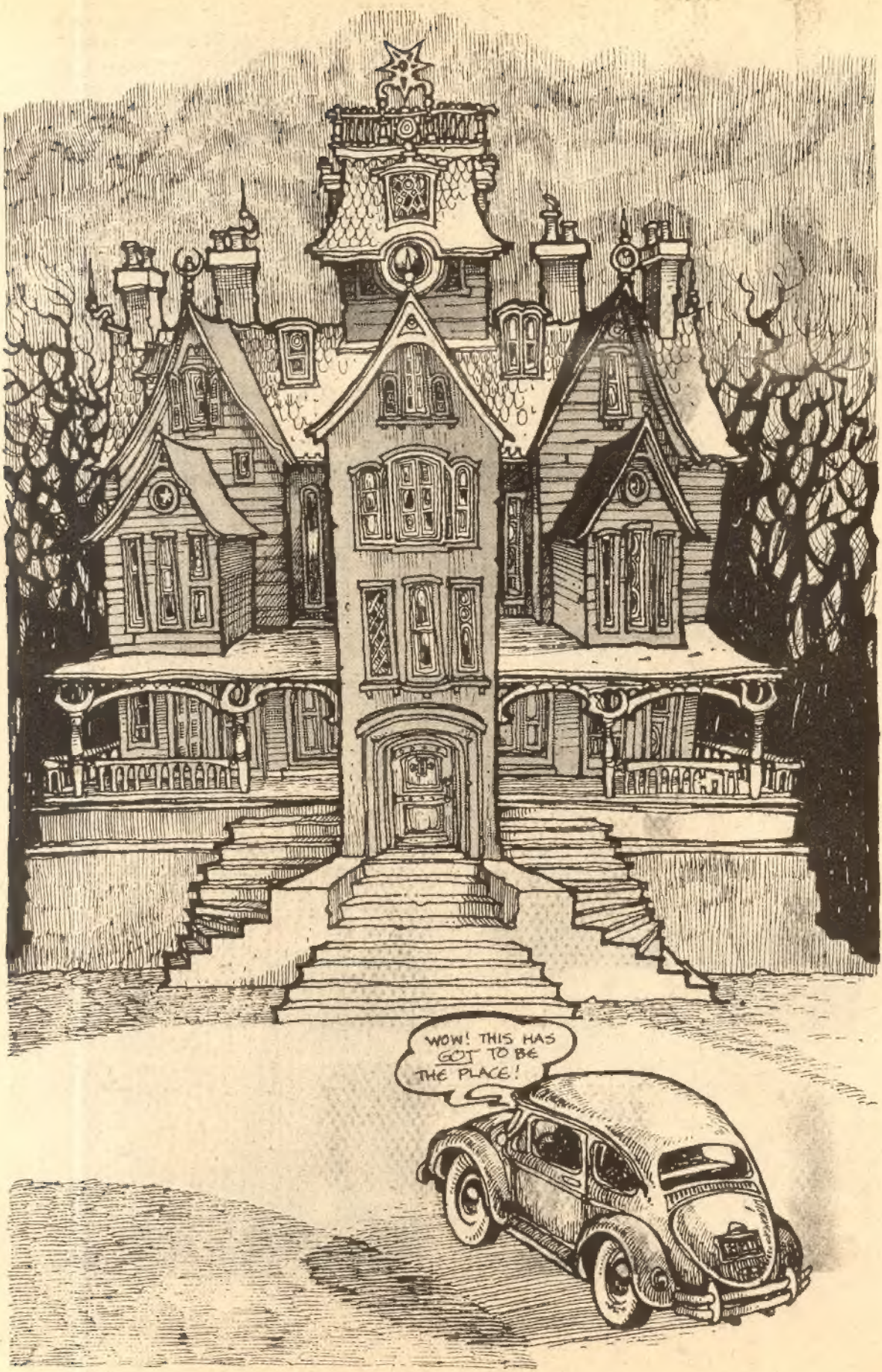
...HMM! THIS MIGHT BE WORTH CHECKING OUT! HOPE IT'S NOT ANOTHER HORNY PROFESSOR!
ABOUTE... YER UNDER ARREST!

PETALUMA WAS THRILLED WITH THE PROSPECT OF SOME EXCITEMENT...
GUESS I'D BETTER DRESS FOR THE OCCAISION!

PERHAPS IT WAS FATE THAT CAUSED PETALUMA TO READ THAT AD.. PERHAPS SOMETHING STRANGER & MORE POWERFUL! BUT AS SHE RUSHED HOME, HER BIZARRE FATE WAS SEALED!
...I'D BETTER GO HOME AND GET MY ALEISTER CROWLEY BOOKS!

LATER- PETALUMA FAR OUT IN THE COUNTRY, HEADED FOR HER RENDEZVOUS...


WELL, HERE'S THE ROAD - IT CAN'T BE MUCH FARTHER... FUNNY IT'S NOT ON THE MAP!

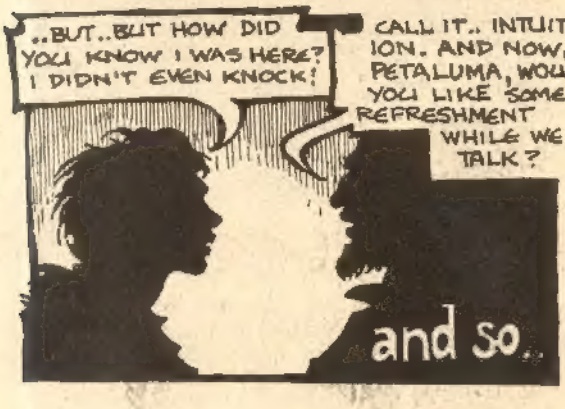

WOW! THIS HAS GOT TO BE THE PLACE!

AT THE DOOR, PETALUMA HESITATED...
THIS PLACE IS PRETTY CREEPY.. MAYBE I SHOULD SPLIT WHILE I'VE STILL GOT THE CHANCE!

THEN..
YES? AH! YOU MUST BE THE YOUNG LADY WHO PHONED ABOUT THE BLACK MASS! SPLENDID! I'M CHARMED AND DELIGHTED!

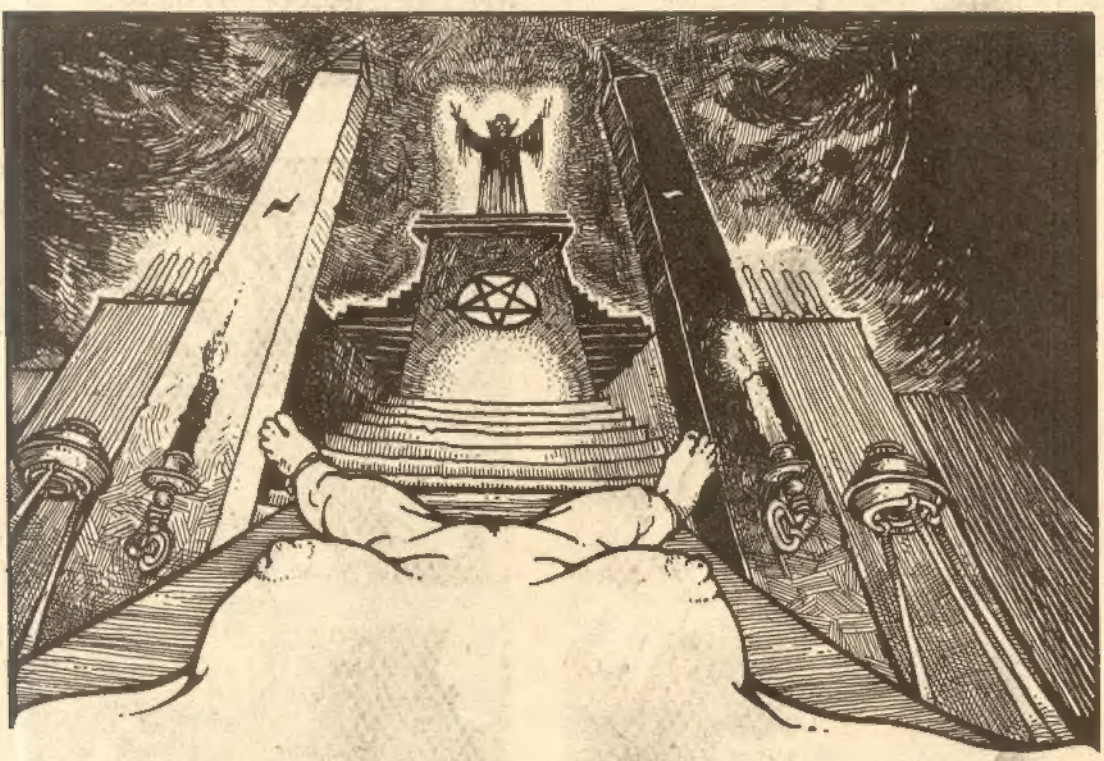
ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF... I AM COUNT HELLAMOUNTE — MASTER OF SCIENCE, MYSTICISM, AND BLACK MAGIC!

CHEERS, MY DEAR.
CHEERS!
THIS MAY PROVE INTER-ESTING


..BUT..BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS HERE? I DIDN'T EVEN KNOCK!
CALL IT.. INTUIT-ION. AND NOW, PETALUMA, WOULD YOU LIKE SOME REFRESHMENT WHILE WE TALK?
and so..

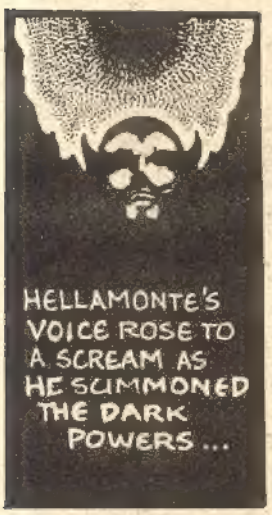
EVEN AS SHE SPOKE, PETALUMA FELT A STRANGE DIZZINESS...

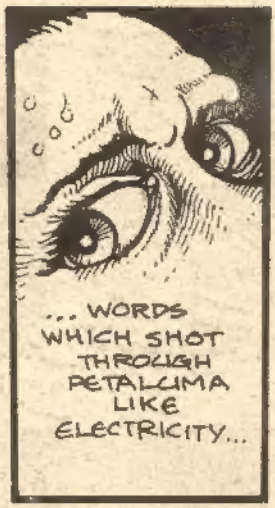
SHE TRIED TO CRY OUT AS THE LEERING FACE OF HELLAMOUNT FADED...

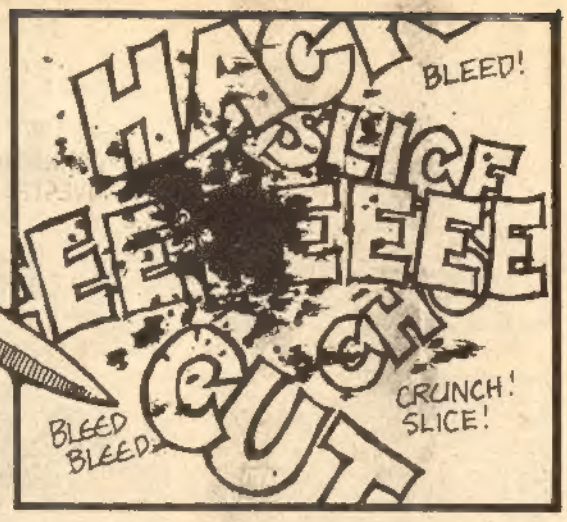


IT WAS SOMETIME LATER WHEN PETALUMA BECAME AWARE OF HER SURROUNDINGS. SHE FELT THE COLD STONE SLAB AGAINST HER BACK ... THE THONGS THAT BOUND HER WRISTS AND ANKLES... SLOWLY, SHE OPENED HER EYES AND RAISED HER HEAD...

THE BLACK MASS HAD BEGUN! PETALUMA DID NOT STRUGGLE OR CRY OUT IN PANIC ... HER FEAR WAS REPLACED BY A STRANGE CHARGE WHICH SURGED THROUGH HER BODY IN WAVES WHICH INCREASED WITH THE TEMPO OF HELLAMOUNTE'S INCANTATIONS..

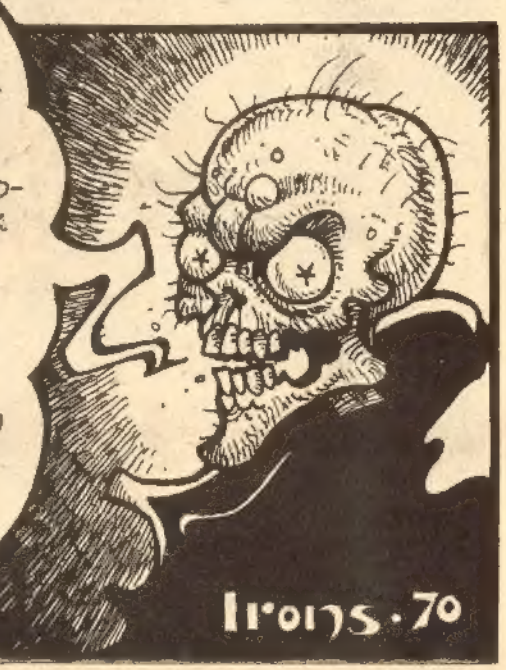






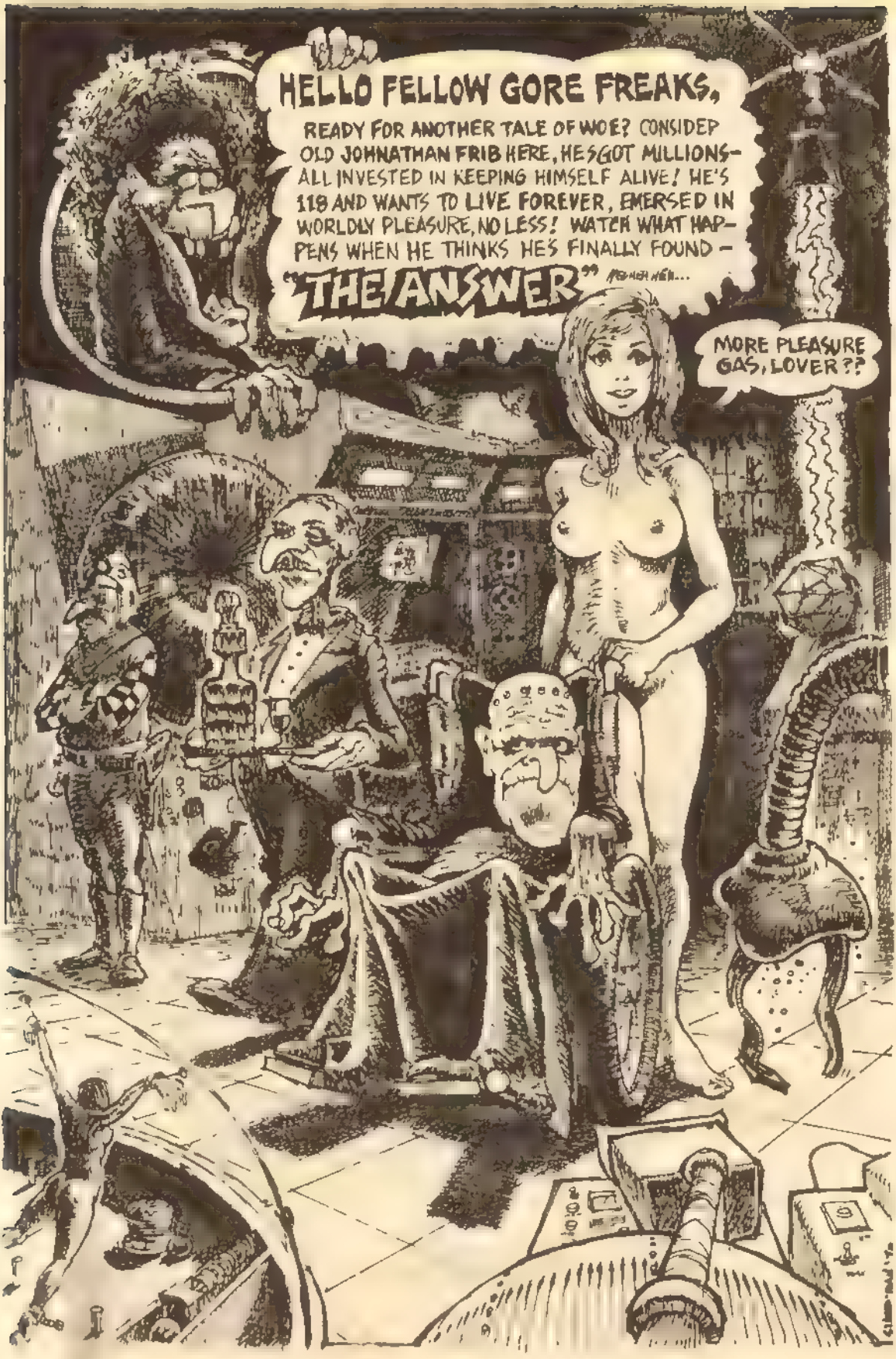
YET ANOTHER!..OH! I SEE WHAT YOU'RE THINKING! NO, IT WASN'T MURDER! I WOULDN'T DO THAT! THERE IS A COMICS CODE Y'KNOW. ALL I WANTED WAS PETALUMA'S SKULL ... TO KEEP ME COMPANY ... AND THAT'S ALL I TOOK! SHE IS ALIVE AND WELL! BUT... SEE FOR YOURSELF...

WELL, I HOPE THAT LITTLE TALE TICKLED YOUR MIND! NOT MUCH IN THE WAY OF REDEEMING SOCIAL VALUES, BUT CERTAINLY BETTER THAN A-LOT THAT THIS SOCIETY HAS TO OFFER! BUT, YOU'VE WASTED ENOUGH TIME READING THIS DRIVEL ... IT'S TIME TO GO BACK OUT INTO THE REAL WORLD! TIME TO SHOW 'EM WHAT KIND OF STUFF YOU'RE MADE OF! WHAT'S THAT? YOU SAY YOU'RE NOT QUITE READY TO GET ON THAT MUNI BUS? YOU'RE NOT READY TO GO FACE THE SAFEWAY? HMM... WELL, PERHAPS YOU SHOULD READ ON. MAYBE OUR NEXT STORY WILL GIVE YOU ENOUGH INTESTINAL FORTITUDE TO MAKE IT THROUGH THE DAY!



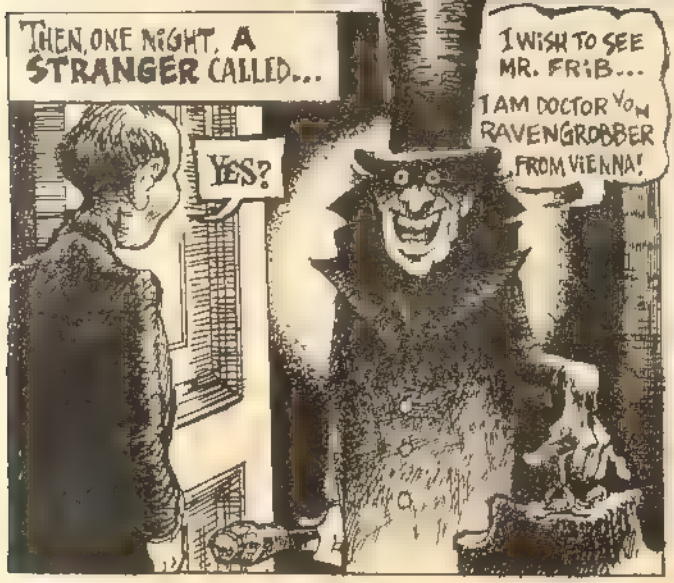
Irons·70

ENDIS


HELLO FELLOW GORE FREAKS,
READY FOR ANOTHER TALE OF WOE? CONSIDER OLD JOHNATHAN FRIB HERE, HE'S GOT MILLIONS— ALL INVESTED IN KEEPING HIMSELF ALIVE! HE'S 118 AND WANTS TO LIVE FOREVER, EMERSED IN WORLDLY PLEASURE, NO LESS! WATCH WHAT HAPPENS WHEN HE THINKS HE'S FINALLY FOUND—
"THE ANSWER" MUAHAHAHA...
MORE PLEASURE GAS, LOVER??

SECRETLY, HE KNEW WHAT HE REALLY WAS...
AH-AH-HA! HAAA! AKKK! GURGLE! DROOL RAGGSPI!!
BUT HE THOUGHT HIS MONEY WOULD MAKE HIS CONDITION BEARABLE... THERE WERE NO LIMITS!!

YES NO
DING! DING! DING!
WE CAN GET SLAVES TO BUILD TELEVISIONS..
WE SHOULD KNOCK OFF THE EXEC'S!
CAN YOU ARRANGE THE ASSASSINATIONS?
FATHER! YOUR HEART!
BRING ME A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD!
HEY GIMME ONE A DEM!
DO YOU HAVE THE FIGURES ON HEROIN PRODUCTION?
MONEY MEANT POWER TO CATER TO HIS WHIMS. HIS RUTHLESSLY AQUIRED CORPORATIONS WERE THE TOOLS BY WHICH HE FED HIS CASTLE ITS 'HORRORS'!


THEN, ONE NIGHT, A STRANGER CALLED...
YES?
I WISH TO SEE MR. FRIB... I AM DOCTOR VON RAVENGROBBER FROM VIENNA!

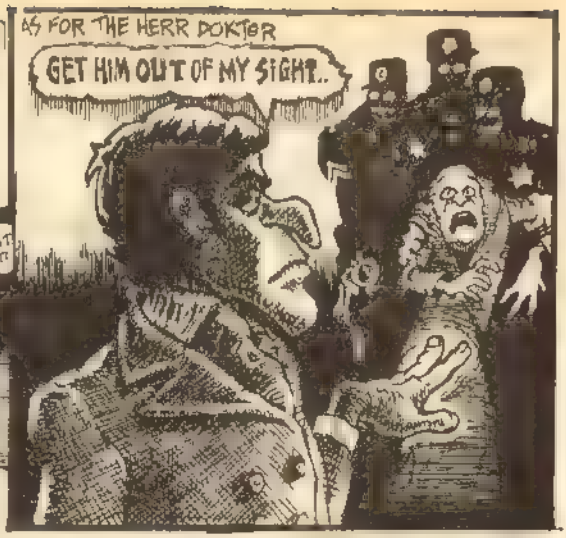
HELLO MR FRIB, I THINK I HAVE AN ANSWER TO YOUR....PROBLEM.

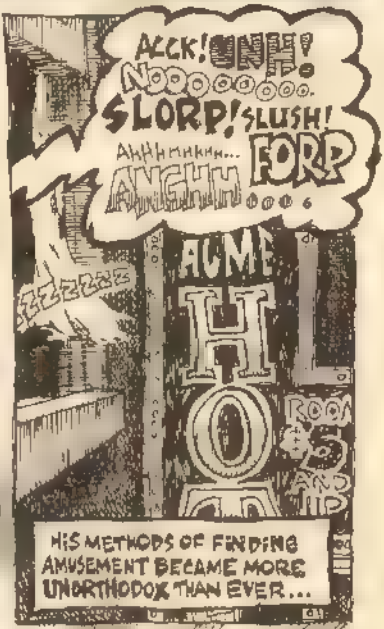
WHAT SORT OF ANSWER, DOCTOR??
I HAVE RECENTLY DISCOVERED CERTAIN LONG FORGOTTEN METHODS OF SURGERY, — A BOOK, FOUND IN THE AUSTRAILIAN DESERT...
WHICH, ACCOMPANIED BY THE CORRECT INCANTATIONS, ALLOWS ME TO ENTER INTO NEW REALMS OF.. AHM... MEDICINE.
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A NEW BODY MISTER FRIB ?!?

OLD FRIB FLIPPED OUT! YOUTH WAS WHAT HE CRAVED MOST OF ALL !!!
OF COURSE, THERE ARE CERTAIN TERMS MR. FRIB...
HIS BENT OLD FINGERS SPRANG TO LIFE!
MY PRICE IS TEN MILLION DOLLARS!!
HNNNNNN!
SKRITCH
THE NEXT—TO REMOVE OLD FRIB'S BRAIN...
SLORSH
THE FIRST STEP WAS TO GET A NEW BODY....
BUS STOP
CHUNG
AND THEN... THE INCANTATIONS!
OX-ET-NUM-ISH-DOUV-EH-MAH...
—AND STICK IT IN THE NOW BRAINLESS "FIND!"

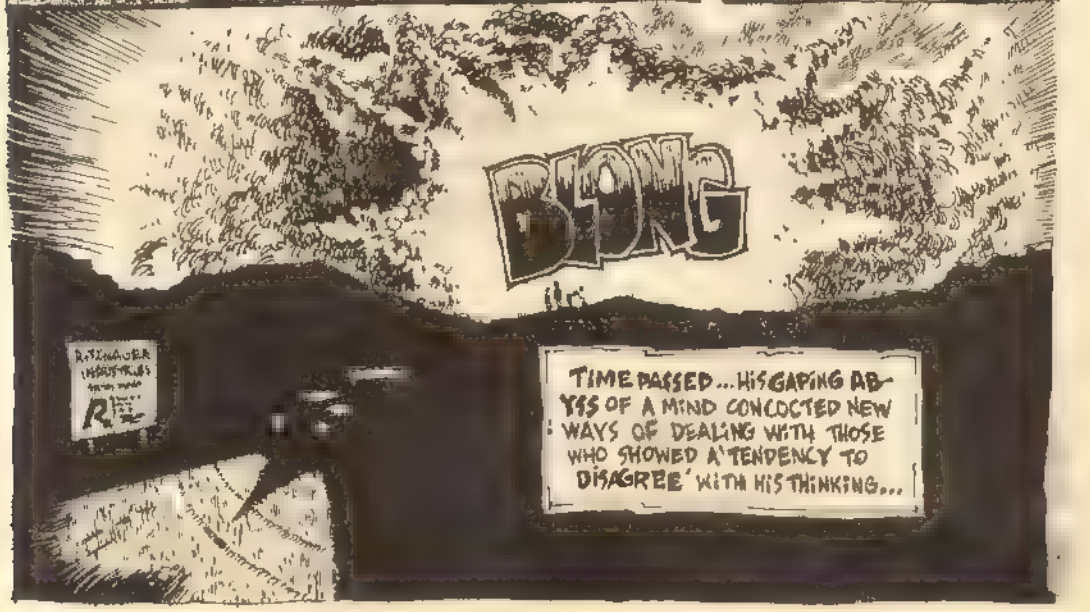
SUDDENLY, THE ROOM GREW STRANGE...
CHOMMERND
XALZLE
ZAUNG
ORZT
CREEV:N
IGI-JA-IGI-JA-IGI-JA-OOBA-ST
GLUGCHICNANGA!
ABOVE THE TABLE, A NUMBING FLASH...
GLIZT
HMMMM-MMMMOOOOO...
GLAAAG
BALLERDA
THE SITUATION TOOK ON OMINOUS OVERTONES
SLOWLY, AFTER THE STRANGE HOWLINGS STOPPED, THE STIFF FIGURE ROSE UP IN THE EERIE GLOW...
JOHNNY BOYS ULTIMATE GAMBLE HAD PAID OFF! HIS RATIONAL, PLEASURE-MAD MIND FUNCTIONED AS BEFORE - WITH ONE EXCEPTION...
OOOH, MASTER FRIB!
HE WAS A NEWMAN!

THE OLD BRAIN IN THE NEW FRAME WAS INTRODUCED AS FRIB'S LONG LOST SON AND RIGHTFUL HEIR. WITH THE SAME POWER PLUS YOUTH, HE FIT RIGHT BACK IN...





HIS METHODS OF FINDING AMUSEMENT BECAME MORE UNORTHODOX THAN EVER...



TIME PASSED... HIS GAPING ABYSS OF A MIND CONCOCTED NEW WAYS OF DEALING WITH THOSE WHO SHOWED A TENDENCY TO DISAGREE WITH HIS THINKING...

REALIZING HIS HYPNOTIC IMAGE, HE MOVED INTO POLITICS AND WAS IMMEDIATELY ELECTED GOVERNOR OF THREE STATES...
JOHNATHAN FRIB II
KNOWS ALL
HE LOVES YOU
AAK!
RE-ELECT
STANTON
GOSH. WISH I WUZ HIM!
HE BECAME A CONTROVERSIAL CELEBRITY AND MADE PERSONAL APPEARANCES ON BEHALF OF HIS SOLUTIONS TO THE PROBLEMS OF THE NATION AND THE WORLD...
I THINK WE SHOULD KILL ALL THE HIPPIES AND THE NIGGERS.
ABSOLUTELY
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP
HIS DECADENCE GREW ALONG WITH HIS EGO. STAGING HIS FANTASIES TOOK UP A MAJOR PORTION OF HIS TIME AND EACH DISPLAY OF THE FRIB IMAGINATION TOPPED ANY PREVIOUS PERFORMANCE.
BRING ME THE NEW SLAVE GIRLS AND THE No6 ELECTRIC WHIP!
THEN ONE NIGHT, DURING ONE OF HIS MORE LAVISH EPISODES
WHA?
BZERT
A THING, OBVIOUSLY FROM THE MOST ODIOUS OF PLACES IN HELL, CALLED OUT HIS NAME.
JOHNATHAN FRIB...

THE THING, HOLDING THE CONTRACT, BECKONED TO JOHNATHAN FRIB...

:CHOKE:

NONOOO

KEEP AWAY!

MOMMY!

(WHINE)

HE RAN FROM HIS PALACE INTO THE STREETS, BLINDED BY THE ULTIMATE TERROR HE HAD SEEN...

COME BACK, JOHNATHAN FRIB!

HELP! HELP! DON'T LET HIM GET ME! NOOOOOO AAAH! AAAH!

SEARCHING FOR A PLACE TO HIDE, HE STUMBLED ONTO A DARK PORCH AND REACHED UP TO SCRATCH THE DOOR — UNFORTUNATELY FOR HIM, AT THAT VERY SAME MOMENT INSIDE, THE RESIDENTS HAD JUST RECEIVED WORD OF A NEW SHIPMENT OF PANAMA RED ACROSS THE WAY...

11322

WHAM

SKRISH

CRACK

MASH

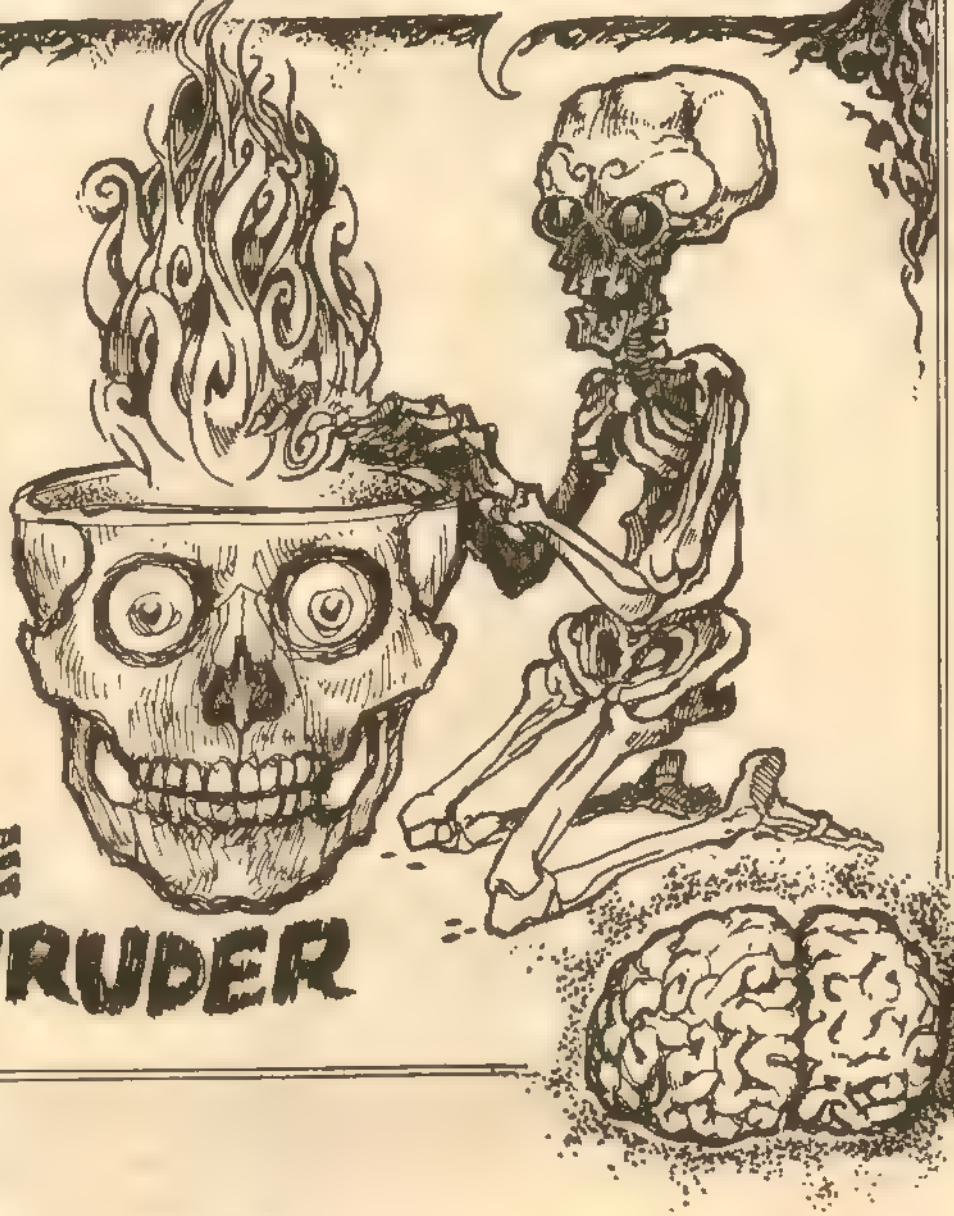
AAAAAA

POOR JOHNNY BOY... WITH ALL HIS POWER HE WAS STILL AS PAR AND'D AS YOU OR I.. THE GRISLY THING MERELY WISHED TO CLARIFY SOME PARTICULARS CONCERNING THE 90 DAY WARRANTY ON HIS LIVER! INSTEAD, THE DUMMY GOT HIMSELF SQUASHED. AUTOMATICALLY ACTIVATING SUB-CLAUSE 69 FTA2 WHICH STATES "IN CASE OF DEATH BY A STAMPEDE OF STONED BIRDIES, THE PARTY OF THE FIRST PART IS REVERTED TO A LOWER LIFE FORM AND IS THEREBY SUBJECT TO ETERNAL REINCARNATION AS SAME." I KNOW THAT'S PRETTY WEIRD BUT THEN THIS IS A PRETTY WEIRD COMIC, RIGHT? SO HERE HE IS TODAY, SLITHERING ALONG WITH A WHOLE NEW SET OF VALUES — SPEAKING OF VALUES, DIG THE NEXT TALE, IT'LL LEAVE YOU PALER THAN A THREE-TOED TREE TOAD IN THE MIDNIGHT MOON...

HEH HEH HEH BYE

THEND

LOCKED INSIDE THE SKULL ARE MYSTERIES FEW HAVE DARED TO PENETRATE. LEGENDS OF THE PAST SPEAK OF THOSE WHO TREKKED THE LIMITLESS EXPANSES OF THE MIND, WANDERING THE UNCHARTED REGIONS OF CONSCIOUSNESS — OFTEN TO FIND THEMSELVES LOST BEYOND THE PALE OF SANITY. FORTUNATELY, SCIENCE NOW STEERS THE BOAT WITH A STEADY GRIP ON REALITY. BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE UNCANNY, THE UNREAL DESCENDS LIKE A MURKY FOG? WHEN BONES AND DUST BY THE WAYSIDE STIR WITH THE ENERGY ONCE POSSESSED? WHEN SCIENCE PEERS INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE UNKNOWN AND FINDS THAT IT IS



THE INTRUDER

YOUR LATEST BOOK ON ANCIENT MEXICO IS CERTAIN TO BRING YOU INTERNATIONAL RECOGNITION, PROFESSOR.

AH YES - A FASCINATING SUBJECT, MEXICO. I MUST GO THERE SOMEDAY..

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, SIR?

BUT TO THINK THAT A PEOPLE SO GIFTED AS CRAFTSMEN COULD LEAVE BEHIND NOTHING BUT GRIM REMINDERS OF DEATH...

THEY WERE SIMPLE MINDED CHILDREN, UNABLE TO PASS BEYOND AN IMMATURE OBSESSION. IT WAS INEVITABLE THAT THEIR CIVILIZATION FADE INTO OBLIVION!!

INEVITABLE PERHAPS, HERR DOCTOR, BUT MOST ASSUREDLY FORTUNATE. YOU SEE, AS A DEALER IN ANTIQUES THESE OBJECTS OF DEATH HAVE MADE ME QUITE RICH..

YES.. I HEAR THEY'VE COME INTO VOGUE. WHY, I'LL NEVER KNOW.

YOU ARE UNDULY MODEST SIR — SURELY YOU MUST REALIZE IT IS YOUR OWN WRITING THAT HAS SPARKED THE INTEREST AND CREATED SUCH.. TEMPTING DEMAND.. A DEMAND I FIND INCREASINGLY DIFFICULT TO SUPPLY.

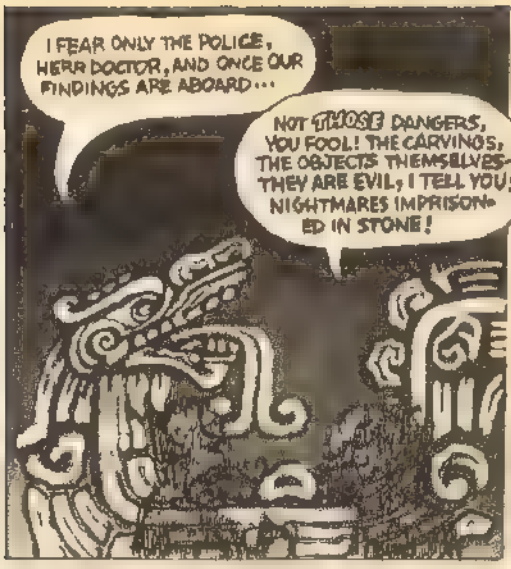
..ESPECIALLY WITH MOUNTING GOVERNMENTAL RESTRICTIONS. NEVERTHELESS, A BOOK HAS COME INTO MY POSSESSION...

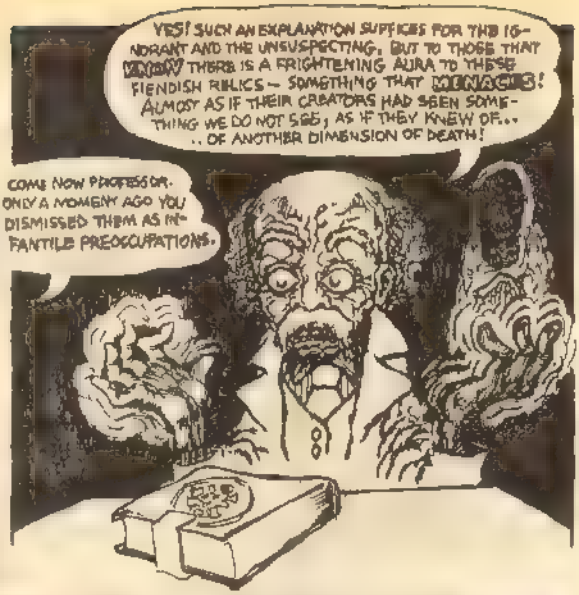
A CODEX OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN..

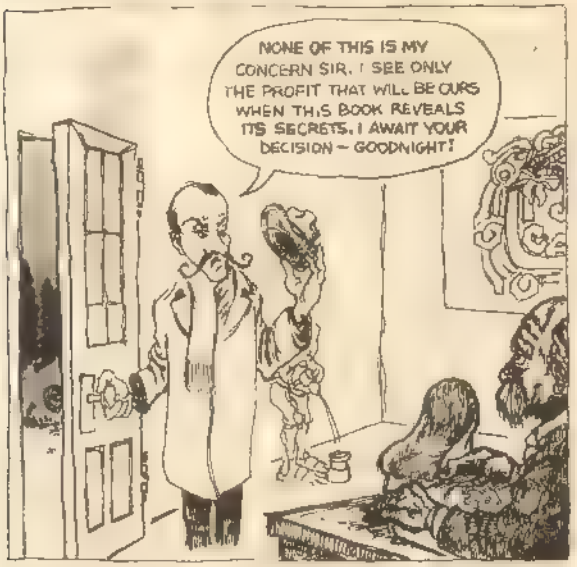
WHAT'S THIS? LET ME SEE!

FIRST, HEAR MY PROPOSITION. WITH YOUR NAME BEHIND AN EXPEDITION WE SHOULD EASILY SECURE ALL THE NECESSARY PERMITS — INCLUDING THOSE FOR THE REMOVAL OF DISCOVERED ARTIFACTS.

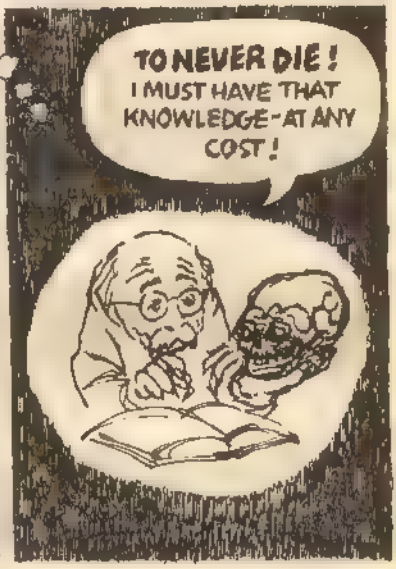
YES, YES.. I SEE YOUR SCHEME. MUST STUDY THE CODEX.. THERE ARE MANY DANGERS TO SUCH AN ENTERPRISE.



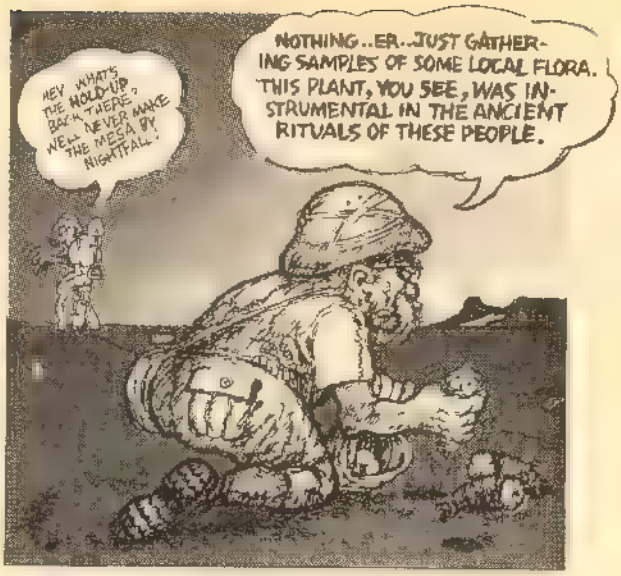




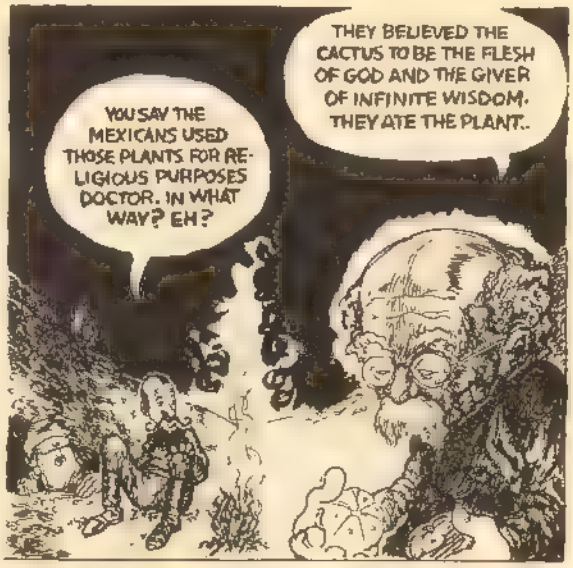
IT READS: FOR WE DIE NOT· THO OUR MINDS ARE LIFTED AND ABSENT· THEY ARE NEARBY· TO BE JOINED AGAIN· WHO THEN WILL KNOW US? OUT OF THE FUMES OF REBIRTH? OUT OF THE HUSK OF SLEEP? WHO WILL DRINK DEEPLY? AND BE FORGIVEN UNDEAD!!

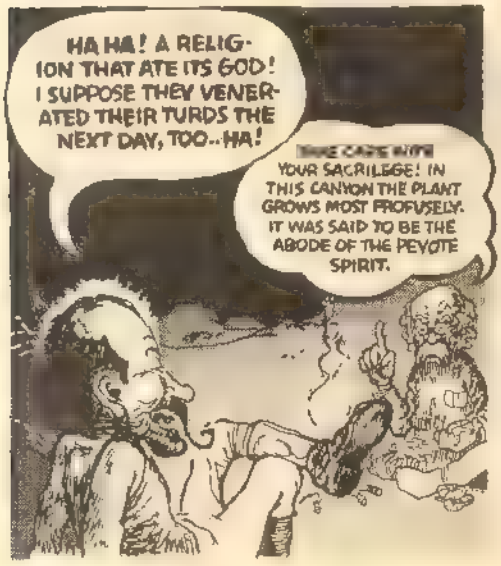


HOW MUCH FARTHER, PROFESSOR? THIS HEAT IS SIZZLING MY BRAIN.
PATIENCE, ONLY A FEW MILES MORE.
AHH.. THE CACTUS

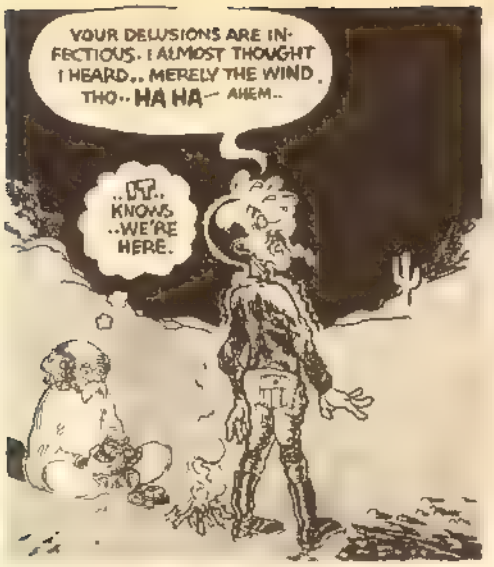

HEY WHAT'S THE HOLD-UP BACK THERE, WE'LL NEVER MAKE THE MESA BY NIGHTFALL.
NOTHING..ER..JUST GATHERING SAMPLES OF SOME LOCAL FLORA. THIS PLANT, YOU SEE, WAS INSTRUMENTAL IN THE ANCIENT RITUALS OF THESE PEOPLE.

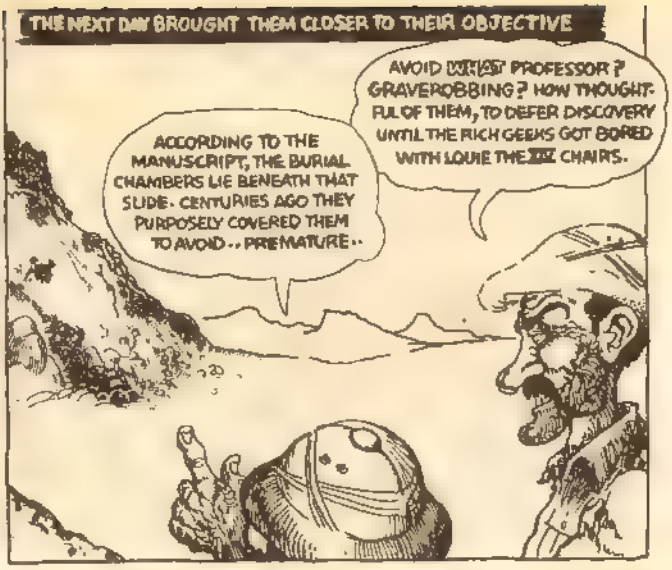
HOW CONVENIENT — OBVIOUSLY IT'S USELESS FOR ANYTHING ELSE! HA!
THE FOOL! IF HE ONLY KNEW HOW IMPORTANT THIS SUBSTANCE IS TO MY SEARCH!

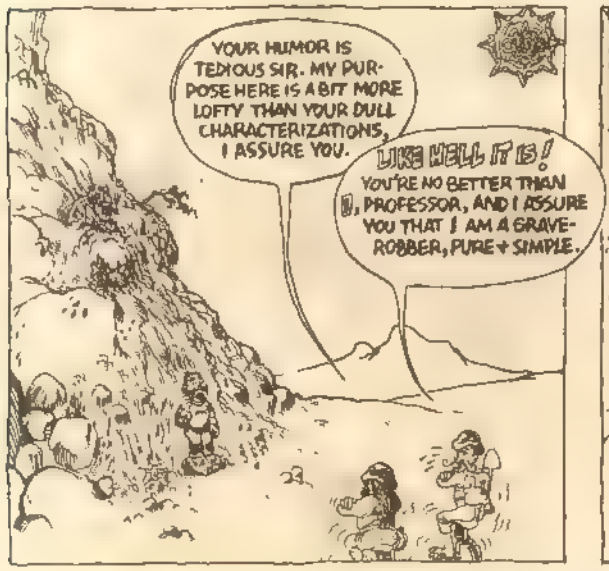

YOU SAY THE MEXICANS USED THOSE PLANTS FOR RELIGIOUS PURPOSES DOCTOR. IN WHAT WAY? EH?
THEY BELIEVED THE CACTUS TO BE THE FLESH OF GOD AND THE GIVER OF INFINITE WISDOM. THEY ATE THE PLANT..


HA HA! A RELIGION THAT ATE ITS GOD! I SUPPOSE THEY VENERATED THEIR TURDS THE NEXT DAY, TOO..HA!
YOUR SACRILEGE! IN THIS CANYON THE PLANT GROWS MOST PROFUSELY. IT WAS SAID TO BE THE ABODE OF THE PEYOTE SPIRIT.

INTRUDER
DOCTOR, FOR A MAN OF YOUR ERUDITION, YOU HARBOR MANY PEASANT CONVICTIONS.. WHA?


YOUR DELUSIONS ARE INFECTIOUS. I ALMOST THOUGHT I HEARD.. MERELY THE WIND THO.. HA HA— AHEM..
..IT.. KNOWS ..WE'RE HERE.


THE NEXT DAY BROUGHT THEM CLOSER TO THEIR OBJECTIVE
ACCORDING TO THE MANUSCRIPT, THE BURIAL CHAMBERS LIE BENEATH THAT SLIDE. CENTURIES AGO THEY PURPOSELY COVERED THEM TO AVOID.. PREMATURE..
AVOID WHAT PROFESSOR? GRAVEROBBING? HOW THOUGHTFUL OF THEM, TO DEFER DISCOVERY UNTIL THE RICH GEEKS GOT BORED WITH LOUIE THE XIV CHAIRS.


YOUR HUMOR IS TEDIOUS SIR. MY PURPOSE HERE IS A BIT MORE LOFTY THAN YOUR DULL CHARACTERIZATIONS, I ASSURE YOU.
LIKE HELL IT IS! YOU'RE NO BETTER THAN I, PROFESSOR, AND I ASSURE YOU THAT I AM A GRAVEROBBER, PURE + SIMPLE.

KNOWLEDGE IS MY GOAL! IT MEANS NOTHING TO YOU.. I SPIT ON YOUR EMPTY MATERIALISM!
YOUR OPINION OF MY VALUES IS OF NO CONCERN TO ME. NOW LET'S GET ON WITH OUR JOB—THAT IS MY CONCERN!
PITOUEY

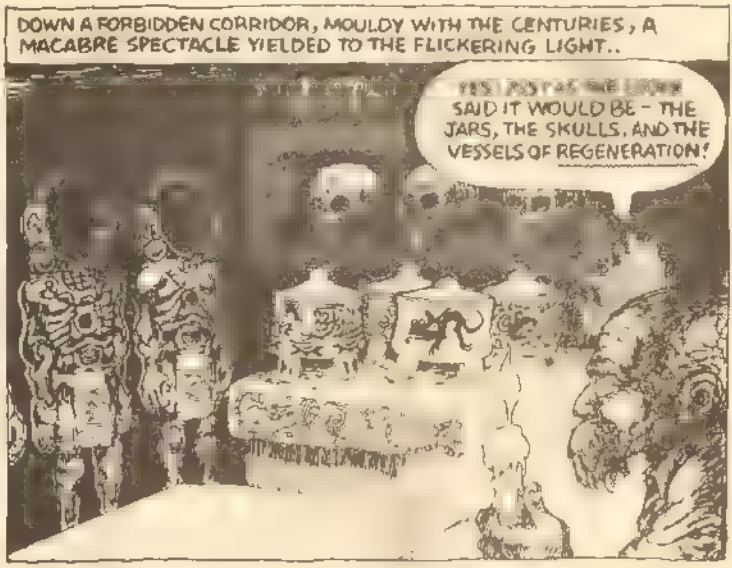
THEY DUG IN SILENCE BEHIND THE GUARDIAN STATUE OF XIPE TOTEC, SYMBOL OF THE LIFE FORCE WHICH MUST SHED ITS HUSK TO SPRING FORTH ANEW...

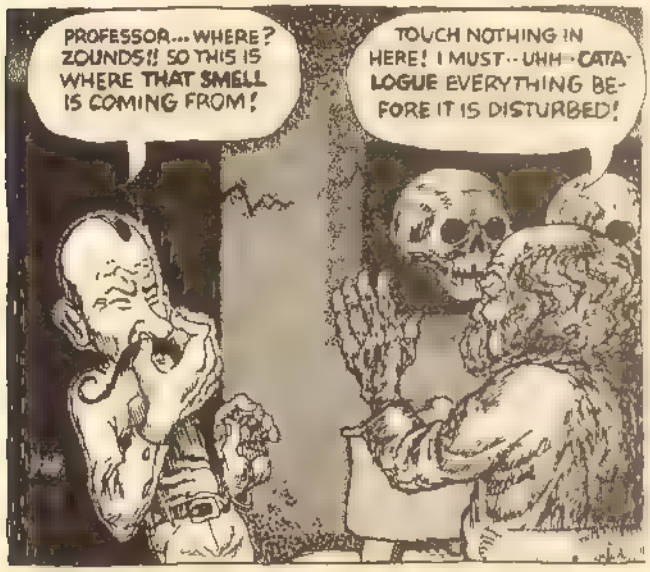
AT LAST THE HOLE WAS OPEN
A LIGHT! WE MUST HAVE A LIGHT— IT'S AS BLACK AS PITCH IN THERE.

DUST FILTERED DOWN LIKE FINE MIST AS THE TWO MEN PEERED INTO THE ENCOMPASSING DARKNESS.
MY GOD, THE [illegible]! HOW OLD DID YOU SAY THIS TOMB WAS?
HE'S RIGHT, [illegible] SMELL IS THAT OF TISSUE DEFYING DECAY!

FOLLOWING A PATHWAY CUT FROM SOLID ROCK, THEY ENTERED THE ROOM OF OFFERINGS TO THE DEAD..
HOLY TOLEDO! LOOK AT THIS! OBOY! OBOY! MY COMPETITORS ARE GONNA EAT THEIR LIVERS! OH SHIT – MY LUCKY DAY!!

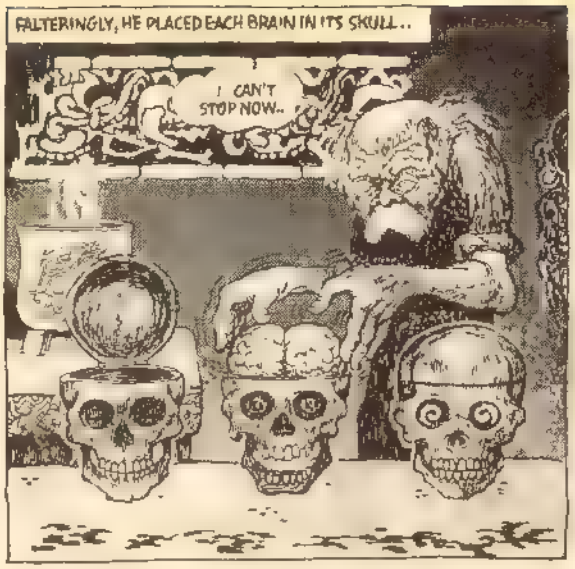
BUT THE PROFESSOR'S GAZE SPED TOWARD A DIFFERENT PRIZE...
THE CENTRAL BURIAL CHAMBER– IT MUST LIE DEEPER.

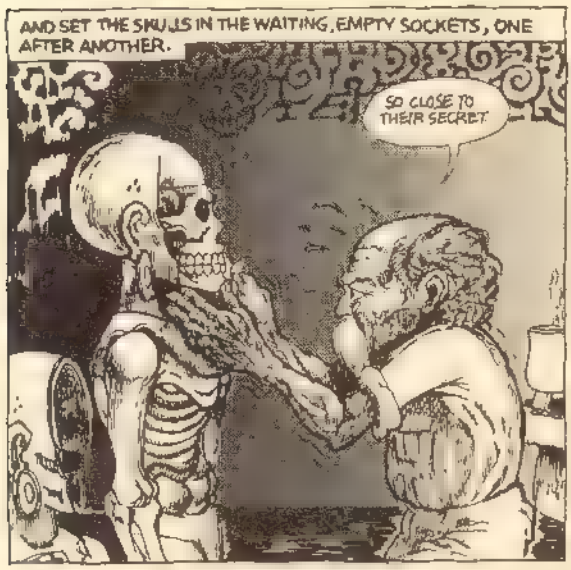

DOWN A FORBIDDEN CORRIDOR, MOULDY WITH THE CENTURIES, A MACABRE SPECTACLE YIELDED TO THE FLICKERING LIGHT..
[illegible] SAID IT WOULD BE – THE JARS, THE SKULLS, AND THE VESSELS OF REGENERATION!


PROFESSOR... WHERE? ZOUNDS!! SO THIS IS WHERE THAT SMELL IS COMING FROM!
TOUCH NOTHING IN HERE! I MUST.. UHH.. CATALOGUE EVERYTHING BEFORE IT IS DISTURBED!

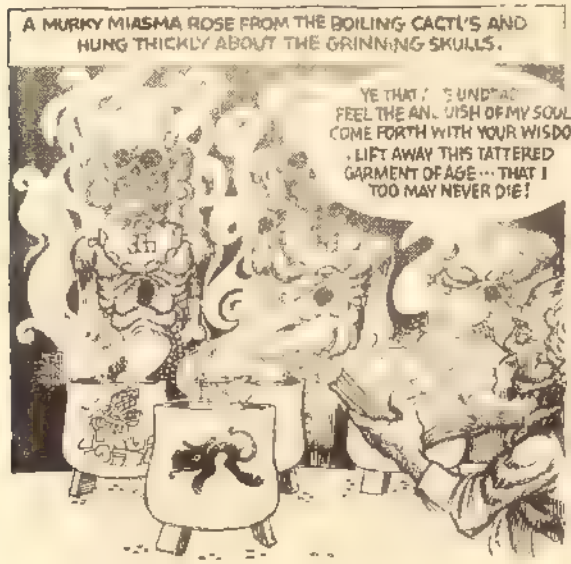
AS YOU WISH, DOCTOR. IN THE MEANTIME, I'LL GO ARRANGE FOR THE LOADING AND HAULING. I'D HATE FOR YOU TO STRAIN YOUR SELF – ESPECIALLY AT YOUR AGE..
BEGONE! I HAVE WORK TO DO!

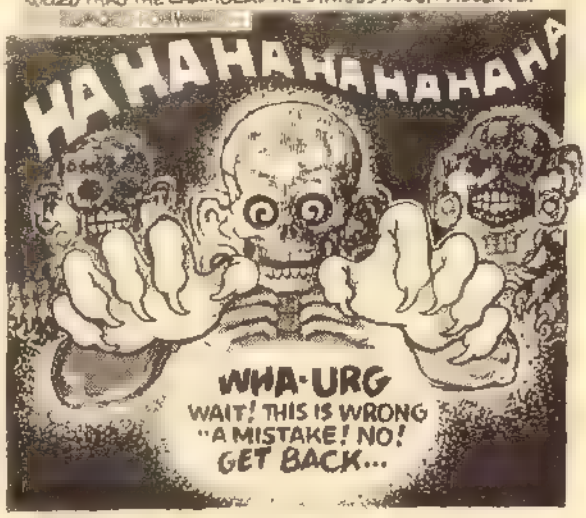
AT LAST THE PROFESSOR WAS ALONE...
THE BRAINS ARE INTACT.. ALIVE! GOOD LORD, IT MUST BE TRUE!


FALTERINGLY, HE PLACED EACH BRAIN IN ITS SKULL..
I CAN'T STOP NOW..


AND SET THE SKULLS IN THE WAITING, EMPTY SOCKETS, ONE AFTER ANOTHER.
SO CLOSE TO THEIR SECRET

AND NOW, THE FINAL STEP — THE PEYOTE!


A MURKY MIASMA ROSE FROM THE BOILING CACTI'S AND HUNG THICKLY ABOUT THE GRINNING SKULLS.
YE THAT SUNDER FEEL THE ANGUISH OF MY SOUL COME FORTH WITH YOUR WISDOM LIFT AWAY THIS TATTERED GARMENT OF AGE ... THAT I TOO MAY NEVER DIE!


SUDDENLY A PIERCING CRESCENDO OF MANIACIAL LAUGHTER ROLLED THRU THE CHAMBER. THE STATUES SHOOK VIOLENTLY
HAHAHAHAHAHAHA
WHA-URG
WAIT! THIS IS WRONG "A MISTAKE! NO! GET BACK...

..SWEEPING THE PROFESSOR TO THE TABLE OF XIPE TOTEC!

A GRIM SILENCE GREETED THE RETURN OF THE ANTIQUE DEALER..

PROFESSOR? OH JESUS! IT'S... IT'S..IT'S..GASP!! THE PROFESSOR.

.. AND THE SILENCE REMAINED AFTER THE DEALER HAD FLED..

..THE STONY SILENCE OF XIPE TOTEC, GOD OF GROWTH AND VEGETATION, WHOSE POWER IS RENEWED BY THE HUSK OF A HUMAN SKIN!

AIEEEEEEEE

BUT WITHIN THE SEALED TOMB, A FAINT PULSE REGISTERED THE RELENTLESS THROBBING, THE TENACIOUS EXPECTANCY OF A QUIESCENT SEED — THE PROFESSOR'S BRAIN!

NO..I AM NOT DEAD..MY CONSCIOUSNESS IS FUNCTIONING..I AM FULLY AWARE. I FEEL THE MOIST TEXTURE OF THE CLAY ENCLOSING ME, THE DARKNESS OF THIS DAMP... JAR. I AM COLD. I..I..MUST THINK OF A WAY OUT..

HEH HEH. WASN'T THAT A JARRING STORY, KIDDIES? JUST GOES TO SHOW WHAT HAPPENS IF YOU LET THINGS GET UNDER YOUR SKIN!!

AND JUST IN CASE YOUR BRAIN ISN'T NUMB YET, HERE'S THE FINAL SHOT!

JAXON

TOTAL FEAR

It's a Wrist Knuckler!!

I'M AN OLD WINO PERVERT BUM AND I'LL KEEP IT. SINCE MY VERY NATURE HAS MANY DEPRAVED ASPECTS IT IS NOT UNLIKELY THAT I SHOULD HAVE FRIENDS WITH THESE VERY SAME QUALITIES. THEREFOR...

I HOLD A VERY INTERESTING TALE TO TELL OF TWO SUCH FRIENDS WHO DISCARDED THE BETTER PART OF THEIR LIVES TO TRY AND SATISFY AN INSATIABLE GREED AND A NECROMANIA.. OH, EXCUSE ME...

Boo!

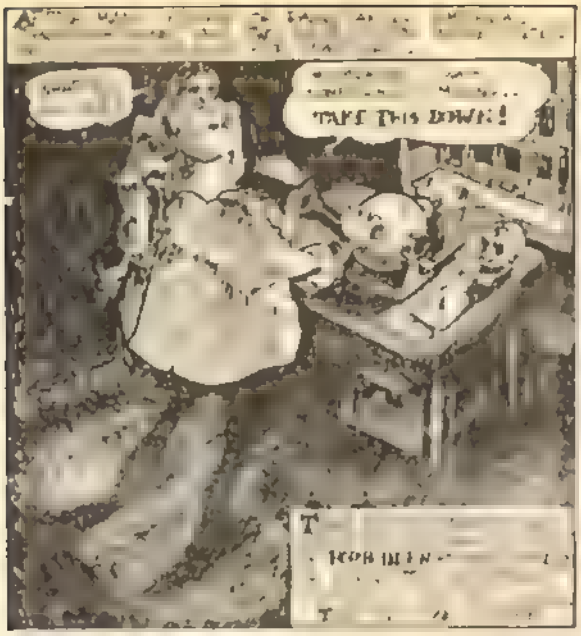
I MERCY ME

ISN'T THAT GREAT? I DO IT ALL DAY LONG.

ONCE IN A WHILE I GET ONE THAT'S STILL HORNY.. BUT BACK TO MY STORY.

THE TWO ACQUAINTANCES OF WHICH I SPEAK HAVE A LABORATORY IN THEIR ATTIC. ONE MISERABLY

WET NIGHT THEY WERE ON THE VERGE OF UNLOCKING A DARK SECRET.


TAKE THIS DOWN!

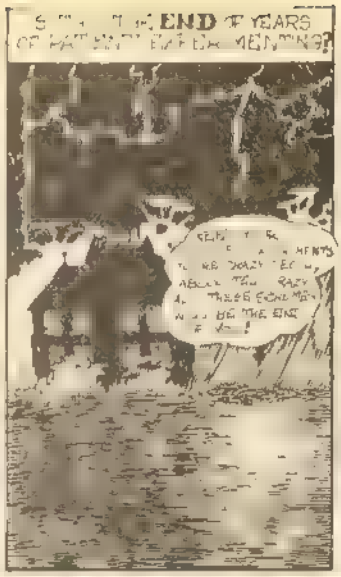
STAMMER
MAD ABDU. ABZU, IS ALMOST IN OUR CLUTCHES

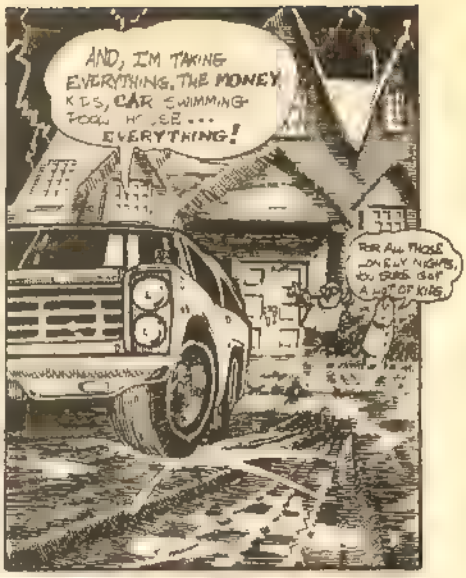
BUT,
FDIAL
OR NEVER
XMAS ?

SUDDENLY, SMASHED !
CECIL!
SMASH

MAD

I'M LEAVING.


END


AND, I'M TAKING EVERYTHING. THE MONEY KIDS, CAR SWIMMING POOL HOUSE... EVERYTHING!
FOR ALL THOSE LONELY NIGHTS, YOU SURE GOT A LOT OF KIDS.

ANYWHERE.

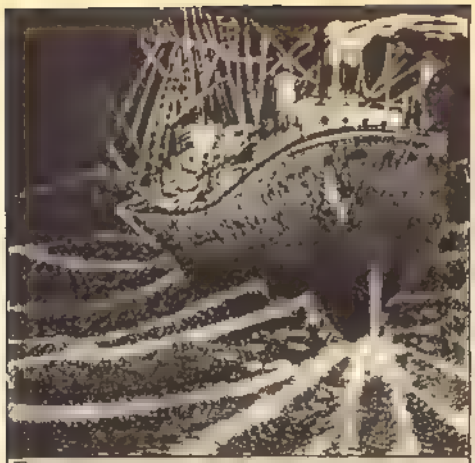
BUT WHAT OF OUR WORK? YOU CAN'T JUST CAST ASIDE 40 YEARS OF RESEARCH!
AND THE QUEST'S ALMOST COMPLETE.

THE QUEST FOR THE MAD ARAB'S PUZZLE HAS LEFT MANY A MAN REDUCED TO NO MORE THAN A SENSELESS DRIVELING AMOEBA, SPENDING HIS MAN DAYS IN BABBLING INCOHERENCY.
WE SHALL GO ELSEWHERE TO CONTINUE.
TO HELL WITH IT. DOGEA
1918 WHO KNOWS

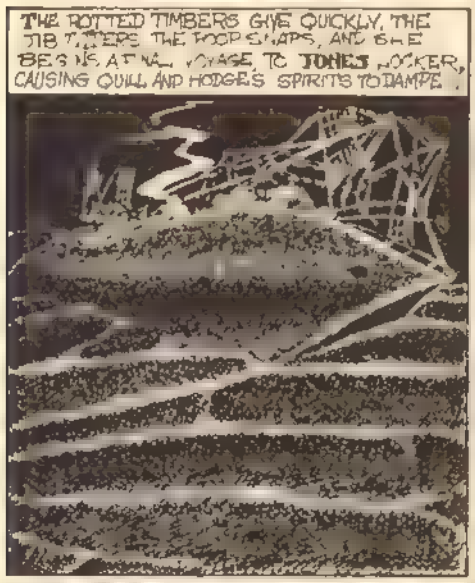
THE PLAGUE WATERS.
LOOK! THAT IS THE PLACE BELONGING
THE RAT

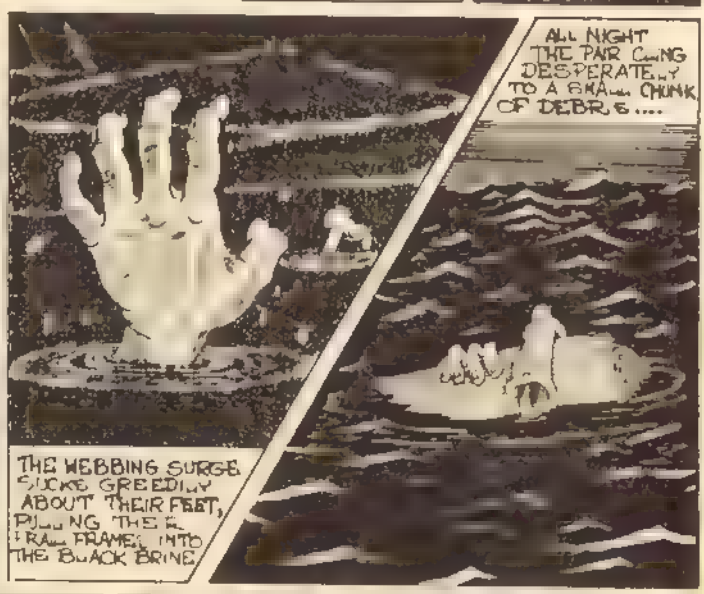
WHO IS THE STRANGE FIGURE ON THE DOCK, AND WHAT DOES HE WANT?
HEE HEE HEE. BEWARE THE ROLLING RAT!

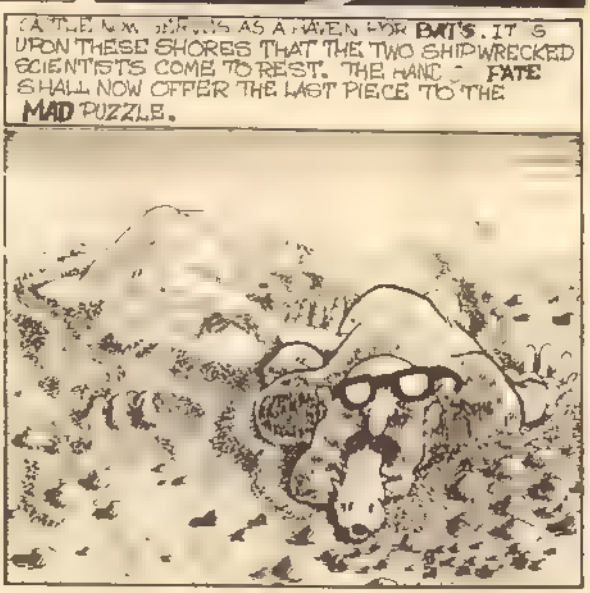
IS THE CLANDESTINE PROPHET SLIGHTLY KOOKOO OR COULD IT BE THAT EVIL LURKS AHEAD?
I WONDER WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN?
YEAH



FOR [illegible] THE RAT HAS HEAVED HER WAY IN AND AROUND CUSTOMS PORTS LADEN WITH **ILLEGAL** GOODS. HER OWNER, AN INFAMOUS INTERNATIONAL THIEF, WON THE STEAMER IN A SUNBEAM **TOASTER** RALLY....





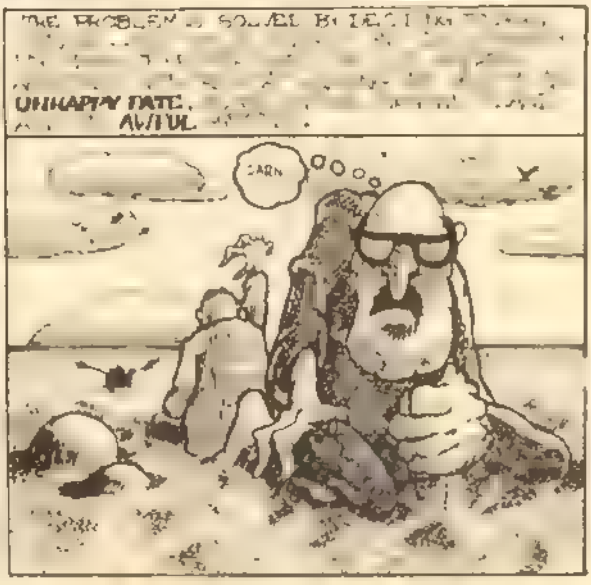


FORTUNATELY AN OLD
CASTAWAY SEAMAN

LURKED OF
TERROR
AIR SO
PUTRID
MACABRE !

HUMAN
ISE'S SUGGESTING A
TURE SO VILE AND OF SUCH
HOROUS
SONALITY THAT IT SHOULD NOT
BE SEEN BY THE EYES OF MEN.
HONK
GEEFLING
MORF BLOCH
PIB QUIBIT FEEP WONK
DWIBBLE
WITH AN EMPTY DISH!!

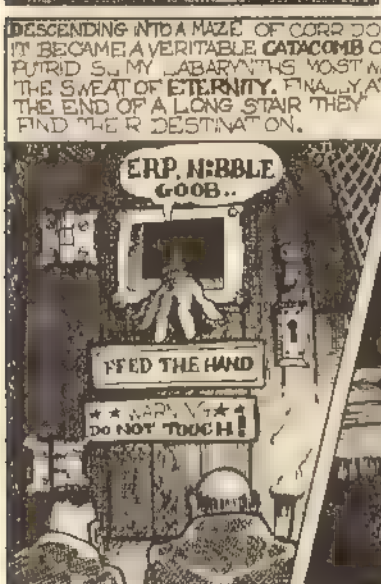
DISTRESSING


UNHAPPY DATE.
AWFUL
YARN

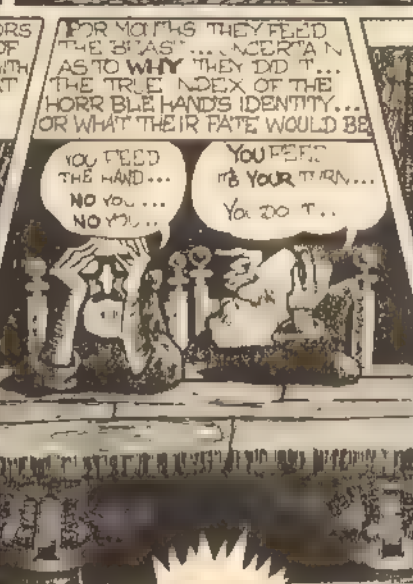
DEJECTED, DESPAIRED AND MORE OR LESS UNHAPPY THE TWO RETURN TO THE **MORBID** CASTLE. THERE THEY FIND A NOTE FROM THEIR DEPARTED PREDECESSOR. IT INSTRUCTS THEM ON THE **BOWL** OF FOOD AND WHAT SHOULD BE DONE WITH IT.

FIGHTING THEIR WAY THROUGH FEIRCE JUNGLE THEY FINALLY ARRIVE AT A STRUCTURE SO ANCIENT THAT THE NATURE AND SIZE OF ITS **HUGE STONE** BLOCKS INHERENTLY SUGGESTED A **PRIMORDIAL** ORIGIN. THE PAIR HESITANTLY ENTERED THE EDIFICE...

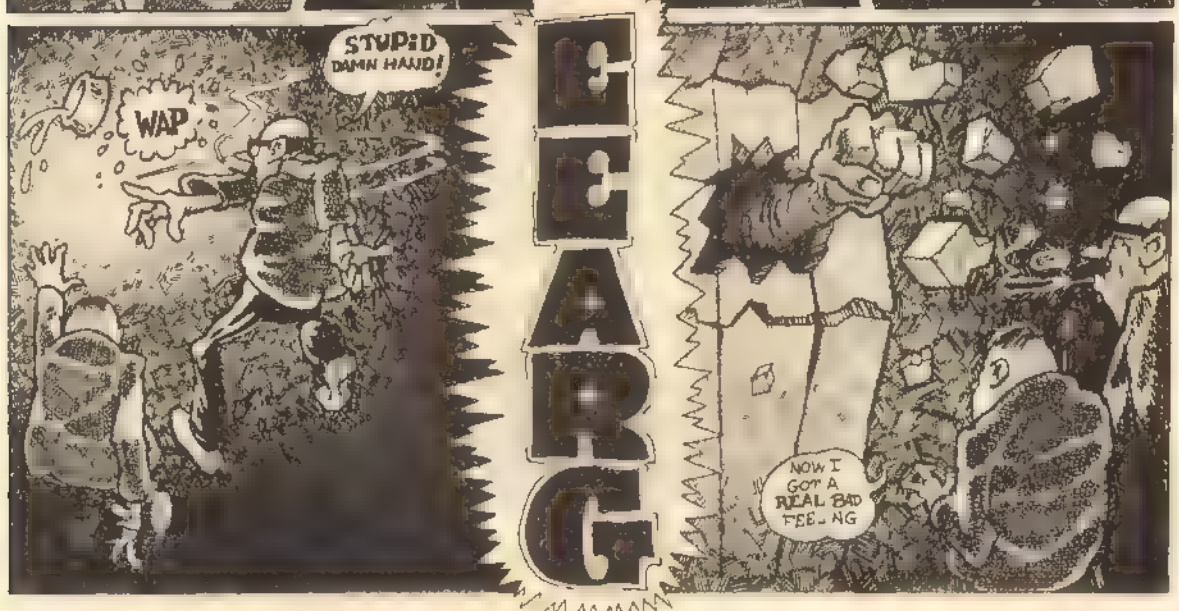
DESCENDING INTO A MAZE OF CORRIDORS IT BECAME A VERITABLE **CATACOMB** OF PUTRID SLIMY LABARYNTHS MOIST WITH THE SWEAT OF **ETERNITY.** FINALLY AT THE END OF A LONG STAIR THEY FIND THEIR DESTINATION.

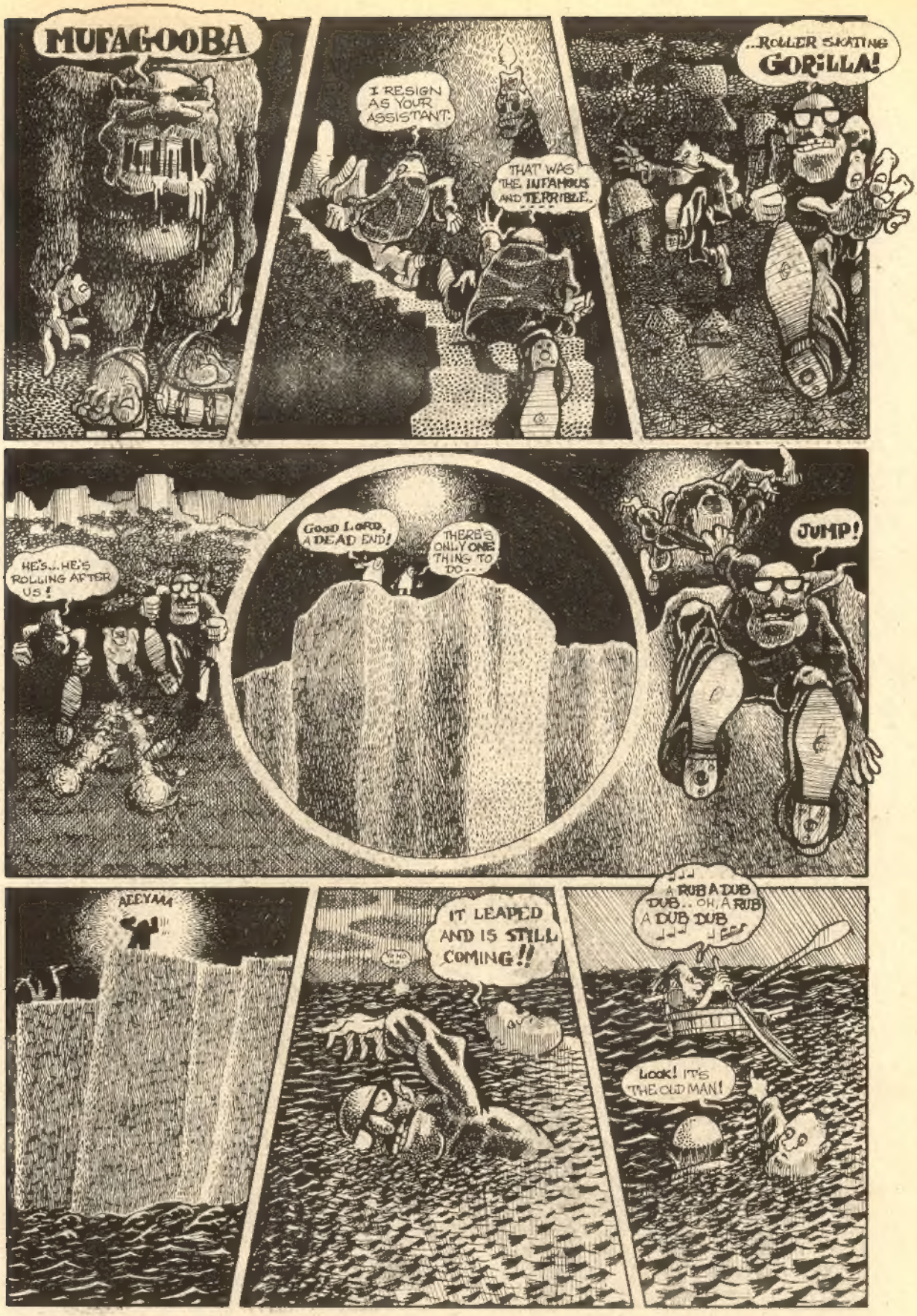


FOR MONTHS THEY FEED THE BEAST... UNCERTAIN AS TO **WHY** THEY DID IT... THE TRUE INDEX OF THE HORRIBLE HAND'S IDENTITY... OR WHAT THEIR FATE WOULD BE.



UNTIL ONE NIGHT....



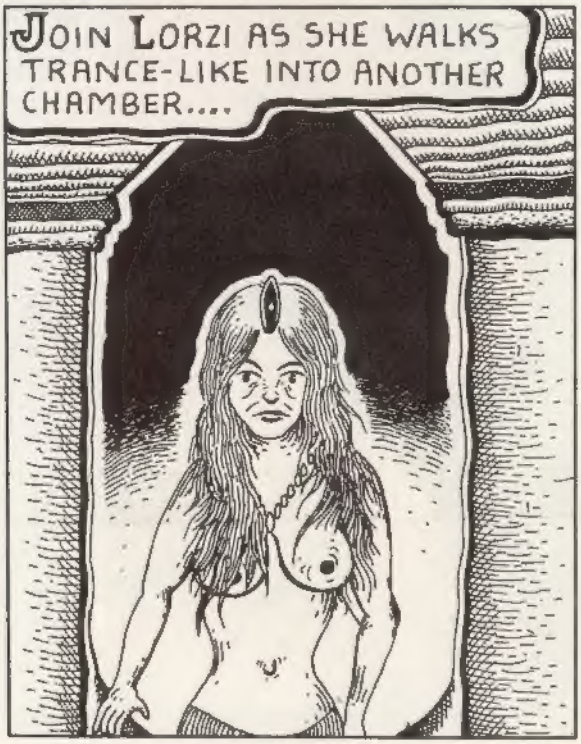

MUFAGOOBA
I RESIGN AS YOUR ASSISTANT!
THAT WAS THE INFAMOUS AND TERRIBLE...
...ROLLER SKATING GORILLA!
HE'S...HE'S ROLLING AFTER US!
GOOD LORD, A DEAD END!
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO...
JUMP!
AEEYAAA
IT LEAPED AND IS STILL COMING!!
A RUB A DUB DUB... OH, A RUB A DUB DUB
LOOK! IT'S THE OLD MAN!

OH RUB A BLUB
STILL IT PURSUES!
DOES THAT MISERABLE BEAST NOT TIRE?
I'VE HAD IT..I CAN GO NO FURTHER
BLAP
AHA, TAG! YOU'RE IT!
FRAP
YOU MEAN I FOLLOWED YOU ALL THE WAY OUT HERE FOR THIS?
YA HA HA HA HEE HEEEEEE
AINT YOU GOT NO SENSE OF HUMOR?
HEE HAR CHUCKLE
AH HA HA HA HA HA HEE HEE DOES THIS HAVE..AHHA HAR HA HA HEE HA ANY MEANING? HAR HAR HAH HA HA HA HA
THE ONLY THING LEFT TO DO IS CHANGE THE TIRE AND PRAY FOR AIR.
K. SCHRIER - 7/70

WATCH OUT FOR THIS WOMAN MY FRIENDS, FOR SHE IS NOT WHAT SHE APPEARS TO BE! WATCH OUT OR THE OVERPOWERING INFLUENCE OF THIS SHE-DEVIL WILL TAKE YOU IN IT'S GRASP AND DESTROY YOU AS IF YOU WERE SOFT YELLOW CHEESE!

LORZI

R. HAYES



IT IS THE SEASON OF THE WITCH